

SUN APR 24 1988

Shopworn sentiments

By Jennifer

My friend Bari likes to shop.

Some people go to movies. Others dine out or read sultry novels. Bari shops.

When she visits a cousin in San Jose, she breezes through Valley Fair first. A visit to a Peninsula cousin calls for a stop at Stanford Shopping Center.

"I have never had a runner's high," explains Bari, a committed non-runner. "And I never hope to have one."

"But I have had a shopper's high. If I find an outfit that looks good, I feel great for a week."

Bari buys things for her Eastbay house, but her true talent lies in outfitting herself. She combines a pantsuit from Seattle with a blouse from high school and a scarf she found in Santa Fe — and looks smashing.

Bari is not an outdoors person. She does not own a down jacket or hiking boots (although she does have a down comforter she picked up in France in 1972). She does not care to experience nature up close.

"Yes, it's true. Only God can make a tree," says Bari, "but what's a tree?"

It is things, man-made objects, not the wonders of nature, that interest Bari. She considers things "monuments to human ingenuity."

And that's why Bari likes to shop.

TO HER, A first-rate shopping center is like a museum. A expedition to Stoneridge or downtown Walnut Creek is a cultural experience, a way to study contemporary society.

"The stuff that's in the stores now," she claims, "will be in the Smithsonian 300 years from now."

There are wonderful gadgets in housewares — ice crushers, garlic presses, ice cream makers. In ladies' fashions, there are nylons, Velcroed shoulder pads and polyester blends.

"Think of it," enthuses Bari, "a shirt that you don't have to iron. It's a monument to science and art. We are out of loin cloth. We are not rubbing sticks together anymore."

Bari, who spent her formative years in Oakland, was not to shopping born. "My mother hates to shop," she confides.

When Bari was a child, she and her family stuck to the mid- to low-end stores.

At Capwell's "my mother took us straight to the basement. I didn't know there were floors above the basement until I was 16, when I got on the wrong escalator and discovered the higher-priced stuff."

For a time, she was intimidated by upscale places like Joseph Magnin and The White House. "But you can overcome your heredity," she notes with satisfaction.

Bari overcame hers as a young working woman when her friend Elizabeth, who was weaned on "the higher-priced stuff," led her down the glittering aisles of Saks Fifth Avenue.

Bari was nonplussed. "I thought everyone was staring at me. 'What's she doing here? What can she afford?'"

"Don't be intimidated," Elizabeth breathed in her ear. "You probably make more money than the salespeople."

BARI WAS REASSURED. Armed with Elizabeth's advice — and a modest income — she has since faced down haughty sales clerks from Madison Avenue to Milan.

Not every passionate shopper shops the way Bari does — as a reverent student of pop culture. There are other shopping types, including what Bari calls the big game hunters and the compulsive shoppers.

The former shop for sport. They shop to win. They thrill at bagging a catch, a bargain, whether they need it or not.

Triumphantly, they take home the half-off Louis Vuitton handbag; the 30-percent-off English washstand, or the fleet of previously owned Fisher-Price cars marked down to \$1.99.

You can tell the big game hunter by the unused clothes in the attic and the unused antiques in the basement — many of them still bearing their slashed-down price tags.

There is also the compulsive shopper. Andy Warhol apparently was one — and a pack rat as well. Most folks brush their teeth every day. Warhol shopped every day.

When the enigmatic Pop artist died last year, he left a six-story East Side Manhattan townhouse so full of things — Miss Piggy memorabilia, Art Deco silver, Salvador Dali slippers, a canopied Federal period bed, Navajo rugs — that only two rooms were usable.

As for Bari, there are those of us who know and love her who fear that she might some day go the way of Andy Warhol.

We worry that one day she will fail to show up for work because she is lying on the floor of her clothes closet, entangled in a feather boa and her 2-foot strand of fake pearls.

"No," laughs Bari. "I'm in control. I only buy what I can afford. If I have \$300 on the charge account, I eat soup for three days."

Besides, unlike Warhol, "I don't buy everything I see. I don't have to own it to love it."

Barbara Falconer Newhall's column appears Sundays in The Tribune's Lifestyle section.

JOYOUS

Brenner, Bari

Tears flow along with champagne

THE AUG 15 1991

By Bill Snyder *two full*

Tribune staff writer

It was a day filled with champagne and tears of relief.

Hundreds of Oakland Tribune employees who went to bed Tuesday night thinking they might be unemployed within 24 hours had a lot to celebrate yesterday. And celebrate they did.

Corks popped, pizzas and trays of food were devoured and normally reserved professionals exchanged delighted hugs, handshakes and kisses.

"I brought the champagne thinking it's either goodbye to an old friend or a toast to a good future," said pressman Ron Kelly, who has helped print the Oakland Tribune for more than 30 years.

"It's a joyous time," he said.

The newsroom was jammed with workers from every floor of the Tribune building and a host of reporters and photographers from other newspapers, wire services, radio and TV stations there to find out if the 117-year-old daily was about to fold.

When Tribune publisher Robert C. Maynard said, "I am pleased to tell you this morning that the Oakland Tribune is here to stay," the crowd cheered, clapped and whooped.

Reporter Marina Gottschalk cried for joy.

"This has been my home away from home for 24 years," she said. "We're gonna make it."

"We're ready to rock 'n' roll," exulted another.

Some employees said their faith in the paper never wavered through the difficult, stressful week following the announcement that the paper might close.

"I never had a bad feeling," said night police reporter Nancy Zubiri.

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But others were almost ready to ask for divine intervention.

"I was thinking if there was going to be a miracle, it would be here and now," said feature writer Karen Sulkis.

Features copy editor Bari Brenner talked about the fear and uncertainty that had dogged everyone at the paper.

"We didn't know if we were up or down, in or out, whether we were or weren't," she said.

People had good words for Gannett Co. Inc., the former owner of the paper that was owed \$31.5 million by the Maynards; the Freedom Forum, which rescued the paper; and for their boss.

"I'm not really surprised," said Jim Pimentel, news assistant supervisor. "I figured Mr. Maynard would come through at the end."

Chief security guard Tom Sanders said his confidence never wavered. "The Civil War ended in 1863, but it took until 1983 until a black family could own a major newspaper. How could Gannett turn its back on that?" he asked.

The general feeling of relief

Paul Laborde, seated left, and Ron Kelly, right, party in the Oakland Tribune's pressroom.

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— Bari Brenner

was tempered with the understanding that the Tribune still faces some tight times and that the bailout probably won't do much to improve salaries or increase the staff in the near future.

"We're still in a recession, Oakland is still in bad shape and this doesn't change that one whit," said reporter Kevin Fagan. "I'm not counting on anything until a good stretch of time goes by and we are still OK."

But the joy outweighed the caution.

"Maybe I've had enough to drink," said one slightly tipsy employee.

"It's OK, you deserve a little celebration," answered another.

"We all do," said the first.

Tribune staff writers Jacqueline Frost, Judy Ronningen and Kathleen Z. McKenna contributed to this story.



Colleen Cleary and Deborah Ruiz, bottles in hand, help the bubbly flow in the Tribune's advertising department.

celebrations end weeks of stress



By Wendy Lamm/Oakland Tribune

Paul LaBorde, seated left, and Ron Kelly, right, party in the Oakland Tribune's pressroom.